



The Affectionate Shepherd.

Containing the Complaint of *Daphnis* for
the loue of *Ganymede*.

Amor plus mellis, quam fellis, est.



L O N D O N,

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To the Right Excel-
lent and most beautifull Lady,
the Ladie P E N E L O P E
R I T C H.



*Ayre lonely Ladie, vvwhose Angelique eyes
Are Vestaall Candles of sweet Beauties Treasure,
Whose speeche is able to inchaunt the wise,
Conuerting Ioy to Paine, and Paine to Pleasure;
Accept this simple Toy of my Soules Dutie,
Which I present vnto thy matchles Beautie.*

*And albeit the gift be all too meane,
Too meane an Offring for thine Iuorie Shrine;
Yet must thy Beautie my iust blame susteane,
Since it is mortall, but thy selfe diuine.*

*Then (Noble Ladie) take in gentle vvorth,
This new-borne Babe which here my Muse brings forth.*

Your Honours most affectionate
and perpetually deuoted Shepheard:

D A P H N I S.





The Teares of an affectionate Shepheard sicke for Loue.

O R

The Complaint of *Daphnis* for the Loue
of *Ganimede*,



Carce had the morning Starre hid from the light
Heauens crimson Canopie with stars bespangled;
But I began to rue th'vnhappy fight
Of that faire Boy that had my hart intangled;
Cursing the Time, the Place, the sense, the sin;
I came, I saw, I viewd, I slipped in.

If it be sinne to loue a sweet-fac'd Boy,
(Whose amber locks trust vp in golden tramels
Dangle adowne his louely cheekes with ioy,
When pearle and flowers his faire haire enamels)
If it be sinne to loue a louely Lad;
Oh then sinne I, for whom my soule is sack.

THE AFFECTIONATE

His Ivory-white and Alabaster skin
Is stained throughout with rare Vermillion red,
Whose twinckling starrie lights doe neuer blin
To shine on louely *Venus* (Beauties bed:)
But as the Lillie and the blushing Rose,
So white and red on him in order growes.

Vpon a time the Nymphs bestird them-selues
To trie who could his beautie soonest win:
But he accounted them but all as Elues,
Except it were the faire Queene *Guendolen*,
Her he embrac'd, of her was beloued,
With plaints he proued, and with teares he moued.

But her an Old-Man had beene sutor too,
That in his age began to doate againe;
Her would he often pray, and often woo,
When through old-age enfeeble was his Braine:
But she before had lou'd a lustie youth
That now was dead, the cause of all her ruth.

And thus it hapned, Death and *Cupid* met
Vpon a time at swilling *Bacchus* house,
Where daintie cates vpon the Boord were set,
And Goblets full of wine to drinke carouse:
Where Loue and Death did loue the licor so,
That out they fall and to the fray they goe.

And

S H E P H E A R D.

And hauing both their Quiuers at their backe
 Fild full of Arrows; Th'one of fatall Steele;
 The other all of gold; Deaths shaft was black,
 But Loues was yellow: Fortune turnd her wheele;
 And from Deaths Quiuer fell a fatall shaft,
 That vnder *Cupid* by the winde was waft.

And at the same time by ill hap there fell
 Another Arrow out of *Cupids* Quiuer;
 The which was carried by the winde at will,
 And vnder Death the amorous shaft did shiuer:
 They being parted, Loue tooke vp Deaths dart,
 And Death tooke vp Loues Arrow (for his part.)

Thus as they wandred both about the world,
 At last Death met with one of feeble age:
 Wherewith he drew a shaft and at him hurld
 The vnknowne Arrow; (with a furious rage)
 Thinking to strike him dead with Deaths blacke dart,
 But he (alas) with Loue did wound his hart.

This was the doting foole, this was the man
 That lou'd faire *Guendolena* Queene of Beautie;
 Shee cannot shake him off, doo what she can,
 For he hath vowd to her his soules last duety:
 Making him trim vpon the holy-daies;
 And crownes his Loue with Garlands made of Baies

THE AFFECTIONATE

Now doth he stroke his Beard; and now (again)
He wipes the driuel from his filthy chin;
Now offers he a kisse; but high Disdaine
Will not permit her hart to pity him:
Her hart more hard than Adamant or Steele;
Her hart more changeable than Fortunes wheele.

But leaue we him in loue (vp to the eares)
And tell how Loue behau'd himselfe abroad;
Who seeing one that mourned still in teares
(a young-man groaning vnder Loues great Load)
Thinking to ease his Burden, rid his paines:
For men haue grieve as long as life remaines.

Alas (the while) that vnawares he drue
The fatall shaft that Death had dropt before;
By which deceit great harme did then insue,
Stayning his face with blood and filthy goare.
His face, that was to *Guendolen* more deere
Than loue of Lords, or any lordly Peere.

This was that faire and beautifull young-man,
Whom *Guendolena* so lamented for;
This is that Loue whom she doth curse and ban,
Because she doth that dismall chaunce abhor:
And if it were not for his Mothers sake,
Euen *Ganimede* himselfe she would forsake.

Oh

SHEPHEARD.

Oh would shee would forsake my *Ganimede*,
 Whose sugred loue is full of sweete delight,
 Vpon whose fore-head you may plainly reade
 Loues Pleasure, grau'd in yuorie Tables bright:
 In whose faire eye-balls you may clearely see
 Base Loue still staine'd with foule indignitie.

O would to God he would but pittie mee,
 That loue him more than any mortall wight;
 Then he and I with loue would soone agree,
 That now cannot abide his Sutors fight.
 O would to God (so I might haue my fee)
 My lips were honey, and thy mouth a Bee.

Then shouldst thou sucke my sweete and my faire flower
 That now is ripe, and full of honey-berries:
 Then would I leade thee to my pleasant Bower
 Fild full of Grapes, of Mulberries, and Cherries;
 Then shouldst thou be my Waspe or else my Bee,
 I would thy hiue, and thou my honey bee.

I would put amber Bracelets on thy wrests,
 Crownets of Pearle about thy naked Armes:
 And when thou sitst at swilling *Bacchus* feasts
 My lips with charmes should saue thee from all harmes:
 And when in sleepe thou tookst thy chiefeest Pleasure,
 Mine eyes should gaze vpon thine eye-lids Treasure.

THE AFFECTIONATE

And euery Morne by dawning of the day,
When *Phœbus* riseth with a blushing face,
Siluanus Chappel-Clarkes shall chaunt a Lay,
And play thee hunts-vp in thy resting place:
My Coote thy Chamber, my bosome thy Bed;
Shall be appointed for thy sleepey head.

And when it pleaseth thee to walke abroad,
(Abroad into the fields to take fresh ayre:)
The Meades with *Floras* treasure should be strowde,
(The mantled meadowes, and the fields so fayre.)
And by a siluer Well (with golden sands)
Ile sit me downe, and wash thine yuory hands.

And in the sweltring heate of summer time,
I would make Cabinets for thee (my Loue:)
Sweet-smelling Arbours made of Eglantine
Should be thy shrine, and I would be thy Doue.
Coole Cabinets of fresh Greene Laurell boughs
Should shadow vs, ore-set with thicke-set Eughes.

Or if thou list to bathe thy naked limbs,
Within the Chrystall of a Pearle-bright brooke,
Paued with dainty pibbles to the brims;
Or cleare, wherein thy selfe thy selfe mayst looke;
Weele goe to *Ladon*, whose still trickling noyse,
Will lull thee fast asleepe amidst thy ioyes.

SHEPHEARD.

Or if thoult goe vnto the Riuer side,
 To angle for the sweet fresh-water fish:
 Arm'd with thy implements that will abide
 (Thy rod, hooke, line) to take a dainty dish;
 Thy rods shall be of cane, thy lines of silke,
 Thy hooks of siluer, and thy bayts of milke.

Or if thou lou'st to heare sweet Melodie,
 Or pipe a Round vpon an Oaten Keede,
 Or make thy selfe glad with some myrthfull glee,
 Or play them Musicke whilst thy flocke doth feede;
 To *Pans* owne Pype Ile helpe my louely Lad,
 (*Pans* golden Pype) which he of *Syrinx* had.

Or if thou dar'st to climbe the highest Trees
 For Apples, Cherries, Medlars, Peares, or Plumbs,
 Nuts, Walnuts, Filbeards, Chest-nuts, Cernices,
 The hoary Peach, when snowy winter comes;
 I haue fine Orchards full of mellowed frute;
 Which I will giue thee to obtaine my sute.

Not proud *Alcynous* himselfe can vaunt,
 Of goodlier Orchards or of brauer Trees
 Than I haue planted; yet thou wilt not graunt
 My simple sute; but like the honey Bees
 Thou suckst the flowre till all the sweet be gone;
 And lou'st mee for my Coyne till I haue none.

THE AFFECTIONATE

Leaue *Guendolen* (sweet hart) though she be faire
Yet is she light; not light in vertue shining:
But light in her behauiour, to impaire
Her honour in her Chastities declining;
Trust not her teares, for they can wantonnize,
When teares in pearle are trickling from her eyes.

If thou wilt come and dwell with me at home;
My sheep-cote shall be strowd with new greene rushes:
Weele haunt the trembling Prickets as they rome
About the fields, along the hauthorne bushes;
I haue a pie-bald Curre to hunt the Hare:
So we will liue with daintie Forrest fare.

Nay more than this, I haue a Garden-plot,
Wherein there wants nor hearbs, nor roots, nor flowers;
(Flowers to smell, roots to eate, hearbs for the pot,)
And dainty Shelters when the Weikin lowers:
Sweet-smelling Beds of Lillies and of Roses,
Which Rosemary banks and Lauender incloses.

There growes the Gilliflowre, the Mynt, the Dayzie
(Both red and white,) the blew-veynd-Violet:
The purple Hyacinth, the Spyke to please thee,
The scarlet dyde Carnation bleeding yet;
The Sage, the Sauery, and sweet Margerum,
Isop, Tyme, & Eye-bright, good for the blinde & dumbe.

The

S H E P H E A R D.

The Pinke, the Primrose, Cowslip and Daffadilly,
The Hare-bell blue, the crimson Cullumbine,
Sage, Lettis, Parsley, and the milke-white Lilly,
The Rose, and speckled flowre cald Sops in wine,
Fine pretie King-cups, and the yellow Bootes,
That growes by Riuers, and by shallow Brookes.

And manie thousand moe (I cannot name)
Of hearbs and flowers that in gardens grow,
I haue for thee; and Coneyes that be tame,
Yong Rabbets, white as Swan, and blacke as Crow,
Some speckled here and there with daintie spots:
And more I haue two mylch and milke-white Goates.

All these, and more, Ile giue thee for thy loue;
If these, and more, may tye thy loue away:
I haue a Pidgeon-house, in it a Doue,
Which I loue more than mortall tongue can say:
And last of all, Ile giue thee a little Lambe
To play withall, new weaned from her Dam.

But if thou wilt not pittie my Complaint,
My Teares, nor Vowes, nor Oathes, made to thy Beautie;
What shall I doo? But languish, die, or faint,
Since thou dost scorne my Teares, and my Soules Duetie:
And Teares contemned, Vowes and Oaths must faile;
For where Teares cannot, nothing can preuaile.

THE AFFECTIONATE

Compare the loue of faire *Queene Guendolin*
With mine, and thou shalt see how she doth loue thee;
I loue thee for thy qualities diuine,
But Shee doth loue another Swaine aboue thee:
I loue thee for thy gifts, She for hir pleasure;
I for thy Vertue, She for Beauties treasure.

And alwaies (I am sure) it cannot last,
But sometime Nature will denie those dimples:
In steed of Beautie (when thy Blossom's past)
Thy face will be deformed, full of wrinckles:
Then She that lou'd thee for thy Beauties sake,
When Age drawes on, thy loue will soone forsake.

But I that lou'd thee for thy gifts diuine,
In the December of thy Beauties waning,
Will still admire (with ioy) those louely eie,
That now behold me with their beauties baning:
Though Ianuarie will neuer come againe,
Yet Aprill yeres will come in showers of raine.

When will my May come, that I may embrace thee?
When will the hower be of my soules ioying?
Why dost thou seeke in mirth still to disgrace mee?
Whose mirth's my health, whose griefe's my harts annoying.
Thy bane my bale, thy blisse my blessednes,
Thy ill my hell, thy weale my welfare is.

Thus

S H E P H E A R D.

Thus doo I honour thee that loue thee so,
 And loue thee so, that so doo honour thee,
 Much more than anie mortall man doth know,
 Or can discerne by Loue or Iealozie:
 But if that thou disdainst my louing euer;
 Oh happie I, if I had loued neuer. *Finis.*
Plus fellis quam mellis Amor.



The second Dayes Lamentation of the
Affectionate Shepheard.

NExt Morning when the golden Sunne was risen,
 And new had bid good morrow to the Mountaines;
 When Night her siluer light had lockt in prison,
 Which gaue a glimmering on the chriftall Fountaines:
 Then ended sleepe: and then my cares began,
 Eu'n with the vprising of the siluer Swan.

Oh glorious Sunne quoth I, (viewing the Sunne)
 That lightenst euerie thing but me alone:
 Why is my Summer season almost done?
 My Spring-time past, and Ages Autumne gone?
 My Haruest's come, and yet I reapt no corne:
 My loue is great, and yet I am forlorne.

Witnes

THE AFFECTIONATE

Witnes these watrie eyes my sad lament,
(Receauing cisternes of my ceafeles teares)
Witnes my bleeding hart my soules intent,
Witnes the weight distressed *Daphnis* beares:
Sweet Loue, come ease me of thy burthens paine;
Or els I die, or else my hart is flaine.

And thou loue-scorning Boy, cruell, vnkinde;
Oh let me once againe intreat some pittie:
May be thou wilt relent thy marble minde,
And lend thine eares vnto my dolefull Dittie:
Oh pittie him, that pittie craues so sweetly;
Or else thou shalt be neuer named meekly.

If thou wilt loue me, thou shalt be my Boy,
My sweet Delight, the Comfort of my minde,
My Loue, my Doue, my Sollace, and my Ioy;
But if I can no grace nor mercie finde,
Ile goe to *Caucasus* to ease my smart,
And let a Vulture gnaw vpon my hart.

Yet if thou wilt but show me one kinde looke,
(A small reward for my so great affection)
Ile graue thy name in Beauties golden Booke,
And shrowd thee vnder *Hellicons* protection;
Making the Muses chaunt thy louely prayse:
(For they delight in Shepheards lowly layes.)

And

S H E P H E A R D.

And when th'art wearie of thy keeping Sheepe
 Vpon a louely Downe, (to please thy minde)
 Ile giue thee fine ruffe-footed Doues to keepe,
 And pretie Pidgeons of another kinde:
 A Robbin-red-brest shall thy Minstrell bee,
 Chirping thee sweet, and pleasant Melodie.

Or if thou wilt goe shoote at little Birds
 With bow and boults, (the Thrustle-cocke and Sparrow)
 Such as our Countrey hedges can afford's;
 I haue a fine bowe, and an yuorie arrow:
 And if thou misse, yet meate thou shalt lacke,
 Ile hang a bag and bottle at thy backe.

Wilt thou set springes in a frostie Night,
 To catch the long-billd Woodcocke and the Snype?
 (By the bright glimmering of the Starrie light)
 The Partridge, Phæasant, or the greedie Grype?
 Ile lend thee lyme-twigs, and fine sparrow calls,
 Wherewith the Fowler silly Birds inthralls.

Or in a mystie morning if thou wilt
 Make pit-falls for the Larke and Pheldifare;
 Thy prop and sweake shall be both ouer-guilt:
 With *Cyparissus* selfe thou shalt compare
 For gins and wyles, the Oozels to beguile;
 Whilst thou vnder a bush shalt sit and smile.

THE AFFECTIONATE

Or with Hare-pypes (set in a muset hole)
Wilt thou deceaue the deep-earth-deluing Coney?
Or wilt thou in a yellow Boxen bole
Taste with a wooden splent the sweet lythe honey?
Clusters of crimson Grapes Ile pull thee downe;
And with Vine-leaues make thee a louely Crowne.

Or wilt thou drinke a cup of new-made Wine
Froathing at top, mixt with a dish of Creame;
And Straw-berries, or Bil-berries in their prime,
Bath'd in a melting Sugar-Candie streame:
Bunnell and Perry I haue for thee (alone)
When Vynes are dead, and all the Grapes are gone.

I haue a pleasant noted Nightingale,
(That sings as sweetly as the siluer Swan)
Kept in a Cage of bone; as white as Whale,
Which I with singing of *Philemon* wan:
Her shalt thou haue, and all I haue beside;
If thou wilt be my Boy, or els my Bride.

Then will I lay out all my Lardarie
(Of Cheese, of Cracknells, Curds and Clowted-creame)
Before thy male-content ill-pleasing eye:
But why doo I of such great follies dreame?
Alas, he will not see my simple Coate;
For all my speckled Lambe, nor milk-white Goate.

Against

S H E P H E A R D.

Against my Birth-day thou shalt be my guest :
Weele haue Greene-cheeses, and fine Silly-bubs ;
And thou shalt be the chiefe of all my feast.
And I will giue thee two fine pretie Cubs,
With two yong Whelps, to make thee sport withall,
A golden Racket, and a Tennis-ball.

A guilded Nutmeg, and a race of Ginger,
A silken Girdle, and a drawn-worke Band,
Cuffs for thy wrists, a gold Ring for thy finger,
And sweet Rose-water for thy Lilly-white hand,
A Purse of filke, bespangd with spots of gold,
As braue a one as ere thou didst behold.

A paire of Kniues, a greene Hat and a Feather,
New Gloues to put vpon thy milk-white hand
Ile giue thee, for to keep thee from the weather ;
With Phoenix feathers shall thy Face be fand,
Cooling those Cheekes, that being cool'd wexe red,
Like Lillyes in a bed of Roses shed.

Why doo thy Corall Lips disdaine to kisse,
And sucke that Sweete, which manie haue desired?
That Baulme my Bane, that meanes would mend my misse:
Oh let me then with thy sweete Lips b'inspired ;
When thy Lips touch my Lips, my Lips will turne
To Corall too, and being cold yce will burne.

THE AFFECTIONATE

Why should thy sweete Loue-locke hang dangling downe,
Kissing thy girdle-steed with falling pride?
Although thy Skin be white, thy haire is browne :
Oh let not then thy haire thy beautie hide;
Cut off thy Locke, and sell it for gold wier :
(The purest gold is tryde in hottest fier).

Faire-long-haire-wearing *Absolon* was kild,
Because he wore it in a brauerie :
So that which gracde his Beautie, Beautie spild,
Making him subiect to vile slauerie,
In being hangd : a death for him too good,
That fought his owne shame, and his Fathers blood.

Againe, we read of old King *Priamus*,
(The haplesse syre of valiant *Hector* slaine)
That his haire was so long and odious
In youth, that in his age it bred his paine :
For if his haire had not been halfe so long,
His life had been, and he had had no wrong.

For when his stately Citie was destroyd,
(That Monument of great Antiquitie)
When his poore hart (with griefe and sorrow cloyd)
Fled to his Wife (last hope in miserie;)
Pyrrhus (more hard than Adamantine rockes)
Held him and halde him by his aged lockes.

These

SHEPHEARD.

These two examples by the way I show,
To proue th'indecencie of mens long haire:
Though I could tell thee of a thousand moe,
Let these suffice for thee (my louely Faire)
Whose eye's my starre; whose smiling is my Sunne;
Whose loue did ende before my ioyes begunne.

Fond Loue is blinde, and so art thou: (my Deare)
For thou seest not my Loue, and great defart;
Blinde Loue is fond, and so thou dost appeare;
For fond, and blinde, thou greeust my greeuing hart:
Be thou fond-blinde, blinde-fond, or one, or all;
Thou art my Loue, and I must be thy thrall.

Oh lend thine yuorie fore-head for Loues Booke,
Thine eyes for candles to behold the same;
That when dim-sighted ones therein shall looke
They may discerne that proud disdainefull Dame;
Yet claspe that Booke, and shut that Cazement light;
Lest th'one obscurde, the other shine too bright.

Sell thy sweet breath to th'daintie Musk-ball-makers;
Yet sell it so as thou mayst soone redeeme it:
Let others of thy beauty be pertakers;
Els none but *Daphnis* will so well esteeme it:
For what is Beauty except it be well knowne?
And how can it be knowne, except first showne?

THE AFFECTIONATE

Learne of the Gentlewomen of this Age,
That set their Beauties to the open view,
Making Disdaine their Lord, true Loue their Page;
A Custome Zeale doth hate, Desert doth rue:
Learne to looke red, anon waxe pale and wan;
Making a mocke of Loue, a scorne of man.

A candle light, and couer'd with a vaile,
Doth no man good, because it giues no light;
So Beauty of her beauty seemes to faile,
When being not seene it cannot shine so bright.
Then show thy selfe and know thy selfe withall,
Lest climbing high thou catch too great a fall.

Oh foule Eclipser of that fayre sun-shine,
Which is intituled Beauty in the best;
Making that mortall, which is els diuine;
That stains the fayre which Women steeme not least:
Get thee to Hell againe (from whence thou art)
And leaue the Center of a Womans hart.

Ah be not staine'd (sweet Boy) with this vilde spot,
Indulgence Daughter, Mother of mischaunce;
A blemish that doth euery beauty blot;
That makes them loath'd, but neuer doth aduaunce
Her Clyents, fautors, friends; or them that loue her;
And hates them most of all, that most reprove her.

Remember

SHEPHEARD.

Remember Age and thou canst not be prowd,
For age puls downe the pride of euery man;
In youthfull yeares by Nature tis allowde
To haue selfe-will, doo Nurture what she can;
Nature and Nurture once together met,
The Soule and shape in decent order set.

Pride looks aloft, still staring on the starres,
Humility looks lowly on the ground;
Th'one menaceth the Gods with ciuill warres,
The other toyles till he haue Vertue found:
His thoughts are humble, not aspiring hye;
But Pride looks haughtily with scornfull eye.

Humillity is clad in modest weedes,
But Pride is braue and glorious to the show;
Humillity his friends with kindnes feedes,
But Pride his friends (in neede) will neuer know:
Supplying not their wants, but them disdaining;
Whilst they to pittie neuer neede complayning.

Humillity in misery is relieu'd,
But Pride in neede of no man is regarded;
Pitty and Mercy weepe to see him grieu'd
That in distresse had them so well rewarded:
But Pride is scornd, contemnd, disdained, derided,
Whilst Humblenes of all things is prouided.

THE AFFECTIONATE

Oh then be humble, gentle, meeke, and milde;
So shalt thou be of euery mouth commended;
Be not disdainfull, cruell, proud, (sweet childe)
So shalt thou be of no man much condemned;
Care not for them that Vertue doo despise;
Vertue is loathde of fooles; loude of the wise.

O faire Boy trust not to thy Beauties wings,
They cannot carry thee ~~about~~ the Sunne:
Beauty and wealth are transitory things,
(For all must ende that euer was beguine)
But Fame and Vertue neuer shall decay;
For Fame is toombles, Vertue liues for aye.

The snow is white, and yet the pepper's blacke,
The one is bought, the other is contemned:
Pibbles we haue, but store of Ieat we lacke;
So white comparde to blacke is much condemned:
We doo not praise the Swanne because shees white,
But for she doth in Musique much delite.

And yet the siluer-noted Nightingale,
Though she be not so white is more esteemed;
Sturgion is dun of hew, white is the Whale,
Yet for the daintier Dish the first is deemed;
What thing is whiter than the milke-bred Lilly?
That knowes it not for naught, what man so silly?

Yea

S H E P H E A R D.

Yea what more noysomer vnto the smell
 Than Lillies are? what's sweeter then the Sage?
 Yet for pure white the Lilly beares the Bell
 Till it be faded through decaying Age;
 House-Doues are white, and Oozels Blacke-birds bee;
 Yet what a difference in the taste, we see?

Compare the Cow and Calfe, with Ewe and Lambe;
 Rough hayrie Hydes, with softest downy Fell;
 Hecfar and Bull, with Weather and with Ramme,
 And you shall see how far they doo excell;
 White Kine with blacke; blacke Coney-skins with gray,
 Kine, nesh and strong; skins, deare and cheape alway.

The whitest siluer is not alwaies best,
 Lead, Tynne, and Pewter are of base esteeme;
 The yellow burnisht gold, that comes from th'East,
 And West (of late inuented) may besee me
 The worlds ritch Treasury, or *Mydas* eye;
 (The Ritch mans God, poore mans felicitie.)

Bugle and Ieat, with snow and Alablafter
 I will compare: White Dammasin with blacke;
 Bullas and wheaton Plumbs, (to a good Taster,)
 The ripe red Cherries haue the sweetest smacke;
 When they be greene and young, th'are sowre & naught;
 But being ripe, with eagernes th'are bought.

D

Compare

THE AFFECTIONATE

Compare the Wyld-cat to the brownish Beauer,
Running for life, with hounds pursued sore;
When Hunts-men of her pretious Stones bereaue her,
(Which with her teeth sh^h had bitten off before):

Restoratiues, and costly curious Felts
Are made of them, and rich imbroydred Belts.

To what vse serues a peece of crimbling Chalke?
The Agget stone is white, yet good for nothing:
Fie, fie, I am asham'd to heare thee talke;
Be not so much of thine owne Image doating:
So faire *Narcissus* lost his loue and life.
(Beautie is often with it selfe at strife).

Right Diamonds are of a russet hien,
The brightsome Carbuncles are red to see too,
The Saphyre stone is of a watchet blue,
(To this thou canst not chuse but soone agree too):
Pearles are not white but gray, Rubies are red:
In praise of Blacke, what can be better sed?

For if we doo consider of each thing
That flies in welkin, or in water swims,
How euerie thing increaseth with the Spring,
And how the blacker still the brighter dims:
We cannot chuse, but needs we must confesse,
Sable excels milk-white in more or lesse.

SHEPHEARD.

As for example, in the christall cleare
 Of a sweete streame, or pleasant running Riuer,
 Where thousand formes of fishes will appeare,
 (Whose names to thee I cannot now deliuer :
 The blacker still the brighter haue disgrac'd,
 For pleasant profit, and delicious taste.

Salmon and Trout are of a ruddie colour,
 Whiting and Dare is of a milk-white hiew :
 Nature by them (perhaps) is made the fuller,
 Little they nourish, be they old or new :
 Carp, Loach, Tench, Eeles (though black & bred in mud)
 Delight the tooth with taste, and breed good blud.

Innumerable be the kindes, if I could name them ;
 But I a Shepheard, and no Fisher am :
 Little it skills whether I praise or blame them,
 I onely meddle with my Ew and Lamb :
 Yet this I say, that blacke the better is,
 In birds, beasts, frute, stones, flowres, herbs, mettals, fish.

And last of all, in blacke there doth appeare
 Such qualities, as not in yuorie ;
 Blacke cannot blush for shame, looke pale for feare,
 Scorning to weare another liuorie :
 Blacke is the badge of sober Modestie,
 The wonted weare of ancient Grauetie.

THE AFFECTIONATE

The learned Sisters sute themselves in blacke,
Learning abandons white, and lighter hues:
Pleasure and Pride light colours neuer lacke;
But true Religion doth such Toyes refuse:
Vertue and Grauity are sisters growne,
Since blacke by both, and both by blacke are knowne.

White is the colour of each paltry Miller,
White is the Ensigne of each common Woman;
White, is white Vertues for blacke Vices Piller;
White makes proud fooles inferiour vnto no man:
White, is the white of Body, blacke of Minde,
(Vertue we seldome in white Habit finde.)

Oh then be not so proud because th'art fayre,
Vertue is onely the rich gift of God:
Let not selfe-pride thy vertues name impayre,
Beate not greene youth with sharpe Repentance Rod:
(A Fiend, a Monster, a mishapen Diuel;
Vertues foe, Vices friend, the roote of euill.)

Apply thy minde to be a vertuous man,
Auoyd ill company (the spoyle of youth;)
To follow Vertues Lore doo what thou can,
(Whereby great profit vnto thee ensuth:)
Reade Bookes, hate Ignorance; (the Foe to Art,
The Damme of Errour, Enuy of the hart.)

Seue

S H E P H E A R D.

Serue *Ioue* (vpon thy knees) both day and night,
Adore his Name aboue all things on Earth:
So shall thy vowes be gracious in his sight,
So little Babes are blessed in their Birth:
Thinke on no worldly woe, lament thy sin;
(For lesser cease, when greater griefes begin).

Sweare no vaine oathes; heare much, but little say;
Speake ill of no man, tend thine owne affaires,
Bridle thy wrath, thine angrie mood delay;
(So shall thy minde be seldome cloyd with cares :)
Be milde and gentle in thy speech to all,
Refuse no honest gaine when it doth fall.

Be not beguild with words, proue not vngratefull,
Releeue thy Neighbour in his greatest need,
Commit no action that to all is hatefull,
Their want with welth, the poore with plentie feed:
Twit no man in the teeth with what th'haft done;
Remember flesh is fraile, and hatred shunne.

Leaue wicked things, which Men to mischief moue,
(Least crosse mis-hap may thee in danger bring,)
Craue no preferment of thy heauenly *Ioue*,
Nor anie honor of thy earthly King:
Boast not thy selfe before th'Almighties sight,
(Who knowes thy hart, and anie wicked wight).

THE AFFECTIONATE

Be not offensive to the peoples eye,
See that thy praiers harts true zeale affords,
Scorne not a man that's false in miserie,
Esteeme no tatling tales, nor babling words;
That reason is exiled alwaies thinke,
When as a drunkard rayles amidst his drinke.

Vse not thy louely lips to loathsome lyes,
By craftie meanes increase no worldly wealth;
Striue not with mightie Men (whose fortune flies)
With temp'rate diet nourish wholesome health:
Place well thy words, leaue not thy frend for gold;
First trie, then trust; in ventring be not bold.

In *Pan* repose thy trust; extoll his praise
(That neuer shall decay, but euer liues):
Honor thy Parents (to prolong thy dayes),
Let not thy left hand know what right hand giues:
From needie men turne not thy face away,
(Though Charitie be now yclad in clay).

Heare Shepheards oft (thereby great wisdom growes),
With good aduice a sober answer make:
Be not remoou'd with euery winde that blowes,
(That course doo onely sinfull sinners take).
Thy talke will shew thy fame or els thy shame;
(A pratling tongue doth often purchase blame).

Obtaine

SHEPHEARD.

Obtaine a faithfull friend that will not faile thee,
 Thinke on thy Mothers paine in her child-bearing,
 Make no debate, least quickly thou bewaile thee,
 Visitt the sicke with comfortable chearing:
 Pittie the prisoner, helpe the fatherlesse,
 Reuenge the Widdowes wrongs in her distresse.

Thinke on thy graue, remember still thy end,
 Let not thy winding-sheete be stained with guilt,
 Trust not a fained reconciled friend,
 More than an open foe (that blood hath spilt)
 (Who tutcheth pitch, with pitch shalbe defiled)
 Be not with wanton companie beguiled.

Take not a flattrring woman to thy wife,
 A shameles creature, full of wanton words,
 (Whose bad, thy good; whose lust will end thy life,
 Cutting thy hart with sharpe two edged swords :)
 Cast not thy minde on her whose lookes allure,
 But she that shines in Truth and Vertue pure.

Praise not thy selfe, let other men commend thee,
 Beare not a flattrring tongue to glauer anie,
 Let Parents due correction not offend thee:
 Rob not thy neighbor, seeke the loue of manie;
 Hate not to heare good Counsell giuen thee,
 Lay not thy money vnto Vsurie.

Refraine

THE AFFECTIONATE

Restraine thy steps from too much libertie,
Fulfill not th' enuious mans malicious minde;
Embrace thy Wife, liue not in lecherie;
Content thy selfe with what Fates haue assignde:
Berul'd by Reason, Warning dangers saue;
True Age is reuerend worship to thy graue.

Be patient in extreame Aduersitie,
(Mans chieftest credit growes by dooing well,)
Be not high-minded in Prosperitie;
Falshood abhorre, no lying fable tell.
Giue not thy selfe to Sloth (the sinke of Shame,
The moath of Time, the enemy to Fame.)

This leare I learned of a Bel-dame Trot,
(When I was yong and wylde as now thou art):
But her good counsell I regarded not;
I markt it with my eares, not with my hart:
But now I finde it too-too true (my Sonne)
When my Age-withered Spring is almost done.

Behold my gray head, full of silver haire,
My wrinckled skin, deepe furrowes in my face:
Cares bring Old-Age, Old-Age increaseth cares;
My Time is come, and I haue run my Race:
Winter hath snow'd vpon my hoarie head,
And with my Winter all my ioyes are dead.

And

SHEPHEARD.

And thou loue-hating Boy, (whom once I loued)
 Farewell, a thousand-thousand times farewell;
 My Teares the Marble Stones to ruth haue moued;
 My sad Complaints the babling Ecchoes tell:
 And yet thou wouldst take no compassion on mee,
 Scorning that crosse which Loue hath laid vpon mee

The hardest Steele with fier doth mend his misse,
 Marble is mollifyde with drops of Raine;
 But thou (more hard than Steele or Marble is)
 Dooft scorne my Teares, and my true loue disdaine;
 Which for thy sake shall euerlasting bee,
 Wrote in the Annalls of Eternitie.

By this, the Night (with darknes ouer-spreed)
 Had drawne the curtaines of her cole-blacke bed;
 And *Cynthia* muffling her face with a clowd,
 (Left all the world of her should be too prowde)
 Had taken *Conge* of the sable Night,
 (That wanting her cannot be halfe so bright;)

When I poore forlorne man and outcast creature
 (Despairing of my Loue, despisde of Beautie)
 Grew male-content, scorning his louely feature,
 That had disdained my euer-zealous dutie:
 I hy'd me homeward by the Moone-shine light;
 Forswearing Loue, and all his fond delight.

F I N I S.

E

The



The Shepherds Content.

O R

The happines of a harmles life.

Written vpon Occasion of the
former Subiect.

O F all the kindes of common Countrey life,
Me thinkes a Shepherds life is most Content;
His State is quiet Peace, deuoyd of strife;
His thoughts are pure from all impure intent,
His Pleasures rate sits at an easie rent:
He beares no mallice in his harmles hart,
Malicious meaning hath in him no part.



He

C O N T E N T . ○ ○

He is not troubled with th' afflicted minde,
 His cares are onely ouer silly Sheepe;
 He is not vnto Iealozie inclinde,
 (Thrice happie Man) he knowes not how to weepe;
 Whil'ft I the Treble in deepe sorrowes keepe:
 I cannot keepe the Meane; for why (alas)
 Griefes haue no meane, though I for meane doo passe.

No Briefes nor Semi-Briefes are in my Songs,
 Because (alas) my grieve is seldome short;
 My Prick-Song's alwayes full of Largues and Longs,
 (Because I neuer can obtaine the Port
 Of my desires: Hope is a happie Fort.)
 Prick-song (indeed) because it pricks my hart;
 And Song, because sometimes I ease my smart.

The mightie Monarch of a royall Realme,
 Swaying his Scepter with a Princely pompe;
 Of his desires cannot so steare the Healine,
 But sometime falls into a deadly dumpe,
 When as he heares the shrilly-sounding Trumpe
 Of forren Enemies, or home-bred Foes;
 His minde of grieve, his hart is full of woes.



C O N T E N T.

Or when bad subiects gainst their Soueraigne
(Like hollow harts) vnnaturally rebell,
How carefull is he to suppressse againe
Their desperate forces, and their powers to quell
With loyall harts, till all (againē be well :
When (being subdu'd) his care is rather more
To keepe them vnder, than it was before.

Thus is he neuer full of sweete Content,
But either this or that his ioy debars :
Now Noble-men gainst Noble-men are bent,
Now Gentlemen and others fall at iarrs :
Thus is his Countrey full of ciuill warrs ;
He still in danger sits, still fearing Death :
For Traitors seeke to stop their Princes breath.

The whylst the other hath no enemye,
Without it be the Wolfe, and cruell Fates
(Which no man spare) : when as his disagree
He with his sheep-hooke knaps them on the pates,
Schooling his tender Lambs from wanton gates :
Beasts are more kinde than Men, Sheepe seeke not blood
But countrey caytiues kill their Countreyes good.



The

C O N T E N T.

The Courtier he fawn's for his Princes fauour,
 In hope to get a Princely ritch Reward;
 His tongue is tipt with honey for to glauer;
 Pride deales the Deck whilst Chance doth choose the Card,
 Then comes another and his Game hath mard;
 Sitting betwixt him, and the morning Sun:
 Thus Night is come before the Day is done.

Some Courtiers carefull of their Princes health,
 Attend his Person with all dilligence
 Whose hand's their hart; whose welfare is their wealth,
 Whose safe Protection is their sure Defence,
 For pure affection, not for hope of pence:
 Such is the faithfull hart, such is the minde,
 Of him that is to Vertue still inclinde.

The skilfull Scholler, and braue man at Armes,
 First plies his Booke, last fights for Countries Peace;
 Th'one feares Obliuion, th'other fresh Alarmes:
 His paines nere ende, his trauailes neuer cease;
 His with the Day, his with the Night increase:
 He studies how to get eternall Fame;
 The Souldier fights to win a glorious Name.



THE SHEPHERDS

The Knight, the Squire, the Gentleman, the Clowne,
Are full of crosses and calamities;
Lest fickle Fortune should begin to frowne,
And turne their mirth to extreame miseries:
Nothing more certaine than incertainties;
Fortune is full of fresh varietie:
Constant in nothing but inconstancie.

The wealthie Merchant that doth crosse the Seas,
To *Denmarke, Poland, Spaine, and Barbarie*;
For all his ritches, liues not still at ease;
Sometimes he feares ship-spyling Pyracie,
Another while deceit and treacherie
Of his owne Factors in a forren Land:
Thus doth he still in dread and danger stand.

Well is he tearmd a Merchant-Venturer,
Since he doth venter lands, and goods, and all:
When he doth trauell for his Traffique far,
Little he knowes what fortune may befall,
Or rather what mis-fortune happen shall:
Sometimes he splits his Ship against a rocke;
Loosing his men, his goods, his wealth, his stocke.



And

C O N T E N T.

And if he so escape with life away,
 He counts himselfe a man most fortunate,
 Because the waues their rigorous rage did stay,
 (When being within their cruell powers of late,
 The Seas did seeme to pittie his estate)
 But yet he neuer can recouer health,
 Because his ioy was drowned with his wealth.

The painfull Plough-swaine and the Husband-man
 Rise vp each morning by the breake of day,
 Taking what toyle and drudging paines they can,
 And all is for to get a little stay;
 And yet they cannot put their care away:
 When Night is come, their cares begin afresh,
 Thinking vpon their Morrowes busines.

Thus euerie man is troubled with vnrest,
 From rich to poore, from high to low degree:
 Therefore I thinke that man is truly blest,
 That neither cares for wealth nor pouertie,
 But laughs at Fortune and her foolerie;
 That giues rich Churles great store of golde and fee,
 And lets poore Schollers liue in miserie,



THE SHEPHERDS

Of fading Branches of decaying Bayes
Who now will water your dry-wither'd Armes?
Or where is he that sung the louely Layes
Of simple Shepheards in their Countrey Farines?
Ah he is dead the cause of all our harmes:
And with him dide my ioy and sweete delight;
The cleare to Clowdes, the Day is turnd to Night.

SYDNEY, The Syren of this latter Age;
SYDNEY, The Blasing-starre of Englands glory;
SYDNEY, The Wonder of the wise and sage;
SYDNEY, The Subiect of true Vertues story:
This Syren, Starre, this Wonder, and this Subiect;
Is dumbe, dim, gone, and mard by Fortunes Obiect.

And thou my sweete *Aminas* vertuous minde,
Should I forget thy Learning or thy Loue;
Well might I be accounted but vnkinde,
Whose pure affection I so oft did proue:
Might my poore Plaints hard stones to pittie moue;
His losse should be lamented of each Creature,
So great his Name, so gentle was his Nature.



But

CONTENT.

But sleepe his soule in sweet Elysium,
 (The happy Hauen of eternall rest:)
 And let me to my former matter come,
 Prouing by Reason, Shepheards life is best,
 Because he harbours Vertue in his Brest;
 And is content (the chiefeſt thing of all)
 With any fortune that ſhall him befall.

He ſits all Day lowd-piping on a Hill,
 The whiſt his flocke about him daunce apace,
 His hart with ioy, his eares with Muſique fill:
 Anon a bleating Weather beares the Bace,
 A Lambe the Treble; and to his diſgrace
 Another answers like a middle Meane:
 Thus euery one to beare a Part are faine.

Like a great King he rules a little Land,
 Still making Statutes, and ordaining Lawes;
 Which if they breake, he beates them with his Wand:
 He doth defend them from the greedy Iawes
 Of rau'ning Woolues, and Lyons bloudy Pawes.
 His Field, his Realme; his Subiects are his Sheepe;
 Which he doth ſtill in due obedience keepe.



THE SHEPHERDS

First he ordaines by Act of Parlaiment,
(Holden by custome in each Country Towne) -
That if a sheepe (with any bad intent)
Presume to breake the neighbour Hedges downe,
Or haunt strange Pastures that be not his owne;
He shall be pounded for his lustines,
Vntill his Master finde out some redres.

Also if any proue a Strageller
From his owne fellowes in a forraine field,
He shall be taken for a wanderer,
And forc'd himselfe immediatly to yeeld,
Or with a wyde-mouth'd Mastiue Currre be kild.
And if not claime within a twelue-months space,
He shall remaine with Land-lord of the place.

Or if one stray to feede far from the rest,
He shall be pincht by his swift pye-bald Curre;
If any by his fellowes be oppress,
The wronger (for he doth all wrong abhorre)
Shall be well bangd so long as he can sturre.
Because he did anoy his harmeles Brother,
That meant not harme to him nor any other.



And

C O N T E N T.

And last of all, if any wanton Weather,
 With briers and brambles teare his fleece in twaine,
 He shall be forc'd t'abide cold frosty weather,
 And powring showres of ratling stormes of raine,
 Till his new fleece begins to grow againe:
 And for his rashnes he is doom'd to goe,
 without a new Coate all the Winter throw.

Thus doth he keepe them still in awfull feare,
 And yet allowes them liberty inough;
 So deare to him their welfare doth appeare,
 That when their fleeces gin to waxen rough,
 He combs and trims them with a Rampicke bough,
 Washing them in the streames of siluer Ladon,
 To cleanse their skinner from all corruption.

Another while he wooes his Country Wench
 (With Chaplets crownd, and gaudy girlonds dight)
 Whose burning Lust her modest eye doth quench,
 Standing amazed at her heauenly sight,
 (Beauty doth rauish Sense with sweet Delight)
 Clearing *Arcadia* with a smoothed Browe
 When Sun-bright smiles melts flakes of driuen snowe.



Fij.

Thus

THE SHEPHERDS

Thus doth he frolicke it each day by day,
And when Night comes drawes homeward to his Coate,
Singing a Igge or merry Roundelay;
(For who sings commonly so merry a Noate,
As he that cannot chop or change a groate.)
And in the winter Nights (his chiefe desire)
He turnes a Crabbe or Cracknell in the fire.

He leads his Wench a Country Horne-pipe Round,
About a May-pole on a Holy-day;
Kissing his louely Lasse (with Garlands Crownd)
With whoopping heigh-ho singing Care away;
Thus doth he passe the merry month of May:
And all th'yere after in delight and ioy,
(Scorning a King) he cares for no annoy.

What though with simple cheere he homely fares?
He liues content, a King can doo no more;
Nay not so much, for Kings haue manie cares:
But he hath none; except it be that fore
Which yong and old, which vexeth ritch and poore,
The pangs of Loue. O! who can vanquish Loue,
That conquers Kingdomes, and the Gods aboue?



Deepe.

C O N T E N T.

Deepe-wounding Arrow, hart-consuming Fire;
 Ruler of Reason, slaue to tyrant Beautie;
 Monarch of harts, Fuell of fond desire,
 Prentice to Folly, foe to fained Duetie,
 Pledge of true Zeale, Affections moitie;
 If thou kilst where thou wilt, and whom it list thee,
 (Alas) how can a silly Soule resist thee?

By thee great *Collin* lost his libertie,
 By thee sweet *Astrophel* forwent his ioy.
 By thee *Amyntas* wept incessantly,
 By thee good *Rowland* liu'd in great annoy;
 O cruell, peeuish, vylde, blind-seeing Boy:
 How canst thou hit their harts, and yet not see?
 (If thou be blinde, as thou art fained to bee).

A Shepheard loues no ill, but onely thee;
 He hath no care, but onely by thy causing:
 Why doost thou shoot thy cruell shafts at mee?
 Giue me some respite, some short time of pausing:
 Still my sweet Loue with bitter lucke th'art sawcing:
 Oh, if thou hast a minde to shew thy might;
 Kill mightie Kings, and not a wretched wight.



THE SHEPHERDS

Yet (O Enthraller of infranchizd harts)
At my poore hart if thou wilt needs be ayming,
Doo me this fauour show me both thy Darts,
That I may chuse the best for my harts mayming,
(A free consent is priuiledgd from blaming:
Then pierce his hard hart with thy golden Arrow,
That thou my wrong, that he may rue my sorrow.

But let mee feele the force of thy lead Pyle,
What should I doo with loue when I am old?
I know not how to flatter, fawne, or smyle;
Then stay thy hand, O cruell Bow-man hold:
For if thou strik'st me with thy dart of gold,
I sweare to thee (by *Ioues* immortall curse)
I haue more in my hart, than in my purse.

The more I weepe, the more he bends his Brow;
For in my hart a golden Shaft I finde:
(Cruell, vnkinde) and wilt thou leaue me so?
Can no remorse nor pittie moue thy minde?
Is Mercie in the Heauens so hard to finde?
Oh, then it is no meruaile that on earth,
Of kinde Remorce there is so great a dearth,



C O N T E N T.

How happie were a harmles Shepheards life,
 If he had neuer knowen what Loue did meane:
 But now fond Loue in euery place is rife,
 Staining the purest Soule with spots vncleane,
 Making thicke purses, thin; fat bodies, leane:
 Loue is a fiend, a fire, a heauen, a hell;
 Where pleasure, paine, and sad repentance dwell

There are so manie *Danaes* now a dayes,
 That loue for lucre; paine for gaine is sold:
 No true affection can their fancie please,
 Except it be a *loue* to raine downe gold
 Into their laps, which they wyde open hold:
 If *legem pone* comes, he is receau'd,
 When *Vix haud habeo* is of hope bereau'd.

Thus haue I showed in my Countrey vaine
 The sweet Content that Shepheards still inioy;
 The mickle pleasure, and the little paine
 That euer doth awayte the Shepheards Boy:
 His hart is neuer troubled with annoy.
 He is a King, for he cominaunds his Sheepe;
 He knowes no woe, for he doth seldome weepe.



THE SHEPHERDS

He is a Courtier, for he courts his Loue;
He is a Scholler, for he sings sweet Ditties;
He is a Souldier, for he wounds doth proue;
He is the fame of Townes, the shame of Citties:
He scornes false Fortune, but true Vertue pitties.

He is a Gentleman, because his nature
Is kinde and affable to euerie Creature.

Who would not then a simple Shepheard bee,
Rather than be a mightie Monarch made?
Since he inioyes such perfect libertie,
As neuer can decay, nor neuer fade:
He seldome sits in dolefull Cypresse shade,
But liues in hope, in ioy, in peace, in blisse:
Ioying all ioy with this content of his.

But now good-fortune lands my little Boate
Vpon the shoare of his desired rest:
Now must I leaue (awhile) my rurall noate,
To thinke on him whom my soule loueth best;
He that can make the most vnhappy, blest:
In whose sweete lap Ile lay me downe to sleepe,
And neuer wake till Marble-stones shall weepe.

FINIS.



Sonnet.

SONNET.

Loe here behold these tributarie Teares,
 Paid to thy faire, but cruell tyrant Eyes;
 Loe here the blossome of my youthfull yeares,
 Nipt with the fresh of thy Wraths winter, dyes,

Here on Loues Altar I doo offer vp
 This burning hart for my Soules sacrifice;
 Here I receaue this deadly-poysoned Cu,
 Of *Circe* charm'd; wherein deepe Magicke lyes.

Then Teares (if you be happie Teares indeed),
 And Hart (if thou be lodged in his brest),
 And Cup (if thou canst helpe despaire with speed);
 Teares, Hart, and Cup conioyne to make me blest:
 Teares moue, Hart win, Cup cause, ruth, loue, desire,
 In word, in deed, by moane by zeale, by fire.

F I N I S.





THE COMPLAINT OF CHASTITIE.

Briefely touching the cause of the death
of *Matilda Fitzwalters* an English Ladie; sometime lo-
ued of King *Iohn*, after poysoned. The Storie is
at large written by *Michael Dreyton*.

YOV modest Dames, inricht with Chastitie.
Maske your bright eyes with *Vestaes* sable Vaile,
Since few are left so faire or chaste as shee;
(Matter for me to weepe you to bewaile):
For manie seeming so, of Vertue faile;
Whose louely Cheeks (with rare vermilion tainted)
Can neuer blush because their faire is painted.



OF CHASTITIE.

O faire-foule Tincture, staine of Woman-kinde,
 Mother of Mischiefe, Daughter of Deceate,
 False traitor to the Soule, blot to the Minde,
 Vsurping Tyrant of true Beauties seate,
 Right Cousner of the eye, lewd Follies baite,
 The flag of filthines, the sinke of shame,
 The Diuells dye, dishonour of thy name.

Monster of Art, Bastard of bad Desier,
 Il-worshipt Idoll, false Imagerie,
 Ensigne of Vice, to thine owne selfe a lier,
 Silent Inchaunter, mindes Anatomie,
 Sly Bawd to Lust, Pandor to Infamie,
 Slaunder of Truth, Truth of Disimulation;
 Staining our Clymate more than anie Nation.

What shall I say to thee? thou scorne of Nature,
 Blacke spot of sinne, vylde lure of lecherie;
 Iniurious Blame to euerie fæmale creature,
 Wronger of time, Broker of trecherie,
 Trap of greene youth, false Womens witcherie,
 Hand-maid of pride, high-way to wickednesse;
 Yet path-way to Repentance, nere the lesse.



THE COMPLAINT

Thou dost entice the minde to dooing euill,
Thou setst dissention twixt the man and wife;
A Saint, in show, and yet indeed a deuill:
Thou art the cause of euerie common strife;
Thou art the life of Death, the death of Life;
Thou doost betray thy selfe to Infamie,
When thou art once discerned by the eye.

Ah, little knew *Matilda* of thy being,
Those Times were pure from all impure complection;
Then Loue came of Desert, Desire of seeing,
Then Vertue was the mother of Affection;
(But Beautie now is vnder no subiection)
Then women were the same that men did deeme,
But now they are the same they doo not seeme.

What fæmale now intreated of a King
With gold and iewels, pearles and precious stones,
Would willingly refuse so sweete a thing?
Onely for a little show of Vertue ones:
Women haue kindnes grafted in their bones.
Gold is a deepe-perfwading Orator,
Especially where few the fault abhor.



But

THE COMPLAINT &c.

But yet shee rather deadly poyson chose,
(Oh cruell Bane of most accursed Clime;)
Than staine that milke-white Mayden-virgin Rose,
Which shee had kept vnspotted till that time:
And not corrupted with this earthly slime,
Her soule shall liue: inclosd eternally,
In that pure shrine of Immortality.

This is my Doome: and this shall come to passe,
For what are Pleasures but still-vading ioyes?
Fading as flowers, brittle as a glasse,
Or Potters Clay, crost with the least annoyes;
All things in this life are but trifling T oyes:
But Fame and Vertue neuer shall decay,
For Fame is T oombleffe, Vertue liues for aye.

F I N I S.





Hellens Rape.

O R

A light Lanthorne for light Ladies.

Written in English Hexameters.

L Onely a Lasse, so loued a Lasse, and (alas) such a louing (Lasse
Lasse, for a while (but a while) was none such a sweet bonny Loue-
As Helen, Mænelaus louing, lou'd, louelie, a loue-lasse,
Till spightfull Fortune from a loue-lasse made her a loue-lesse
Wife. From a wise woman to a witles vvan on abandond,
When her mate (vnawares) made warr es in Peloponessus,
Adultrous Paris (then a Boy) kept sheepe as a shepheard
On Ida Mountaine, unknowne to the King for a Keeper
Of sheep, on Ida Mountaine, as a Boy, as a shepheard:
Yet such sheepe he kept, and was so seemelie a shepheard,
Seemelie a Boy, so seemelie a youth, so seemelie a Younker,
That on Ide was not such a Boy, such a youth, such a Younker.
Sonne now reconcil'd to the Father, fained a letter
Sent him by Iupiter (the greatest God in Olympus)
For to repaire with speede to the braneft Gracian Hauens,
And to redeeme againe Hesyone latelie reuolted
From Troy by Ajax, whom she had newly betrothed.
Well, so well he told his tale to his Aunt Amaryllis

That

HELLENS RAPE.

That Amaryllis, (his Aunt,) obtained aid of his aged
 Syre, that he sent him a ship, and made him Capten of Argus.
 Great store went to Greece with lust-bewitched Alexis,
 Telamour, and Tydias: with these he sliceth the salt seas,
 The salt seas slicing, at length he comes to the firme land,
 Firme land, an auncient Iland cald old Lacedæmon.
 Argus (eye full Earle) when first the ken of a Castle
 He had spide, bespake: (to the Mate, to the men, to the Mates-man)
 Lo behold of Greece (quoth he) the great Cytadella,
 (Ycleaped Menela) so tearmd of Deliaes Husband:
 Happie Helen, Womens most wonder, beautifull Helen.
 Oh would God (quoth he) with a flattring Tongue he repeated:
 Oh would God (quoth he) that I might deserue to be husband
 To such a happie huswife, to such a beautifull Helen.
 This he spake to intice the minde of a lecherous young-man:
 But what spurs need now, for an untam'd Titt to be trotting:
 Or to add old Oile to the flame, new flaxe to the fier:
 Paris heard him hard, and gaue good eare to his harkening:
 And then his loue to a lust, his lust was turnd to a fier,
 Fire was turnd to a flame, and flame was turnd to a burning
 Brand: and mothers Dreame was then most truelie resolved,
 Well so far th'are come, that now th'are come to the Castle,
 Castle all of stone, yet euery stone vvas a Castle:
 Euerie foote had a Fort, and euerie Fort had a fountaine,
 Euerie fountaine a spring, and euerie spring had a spurting
 Streame: so strong vvithout, vvithin, so stately a building,
 Neuer afore vvas seene: If neuer afore Polyphoebe
 Was seene: vvas to be seene, if nere to be seene vvas Olympus.
 Flowers vv ere framd of flints, Walls Rubies, Rafter of Argent:
 Pauements of Chrysolite, Windowvs contri'd of a Christall:
 Vessels vv ere of gold, vvith gold vvas each thing adorned:
 Golden Webs more vvorth than a vv ealthy Souldan of Egypt,
 And her selfe more vvorth than a vv ealthy Souldan of Egypt:

HELENS RAPE.

And her selfe more worth than all the wealth shee possessed;
Selfe? indeede such a selfe, as thundring Ioue in Olympus,
Though he were father could finde in his hart to be husband.
Embassage ended, to the Queene of faire Lacedæmon;
(Happie King of a Queene so faire, of a Country so famous)
Embassage ended, a Banquet braue was appointed:
Sweet Repast for a Prince, fine Iunkets fit for a Kings sonne.
Biskets and Carawayes, Comfets, Tart, Plate, Ielly, Ginge-bread,
Lymons and Medlars: and Dishes moe by a thousand.
First they fell to the feast, and after fall to a Dauncing,
And from a Dance to a Trance, from a Trance they fell to a falling
Either in others armes, and either in armes of another.
Pastime ouer-past, and Banquet duely prepared,
Deuoutly pared: Each one hies home to his owne home,
Sane Lord and Ladie: Young Lad, but yet such an old Lad,
In such a Ladies lappe, at such a slipperie by-blow,
That in a vvorld so vvide, could not be found such a vvilie
Lad: in an Age so old, could not be found such an old lad:
Old lad, and bold lad, such a Boy, such a lustie Iuuentus.
Well to their vvorke they goe, and both they iumble in one Bed:
Worke so well they like, that they still like to be vvorking:
For Aurora mounts before he leaues to be mounting:
And Astræa fades before she faints to be falling:
(Helen a light Huswife, now a light some starre in Olympus.)

FINIS.



Barnfield, R.